





THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

MFA FINAL VISUAL PRESENTATION

by

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fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Art.



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TITLE	DATE	MEDIUM	SIZE
Working Women Working	1996	Litho/Screen	40" x 60"
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Just Another Prostitute	1996	Litho/Screen	38" x 58"
The Average Age of Entry...	1996	Litho/Screen	39" x 59"
Cinderfuckingella	1996	Litho/Screen	39" x 60"
Prostitution is About Power...	1996	Litho/Screen	40" x 59"
I Love You	1996	Litho/Screen	58" x 38"
Bad Date	1996	Litho/Screen	45" x 62"
My Heart	1996	Litho/Screen	39" x 60"
Fly Away...	1996	Litho/Screen	39" x 56"



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# The Falling Dolls

Mama Bunnell

- 1/ *I Love You* 1996  
Litho/Silkscreen 58" X 38"
- 2/ *Cinderfuckingella* 1996  
Litho/Silkscreen 39" X 60"
- 3/ *I'm Growing a New Heart* 1996  
Litho/Silkscreen 40" x 57"
- 4/ *The average age of entry into prostitution is 15* 1996  
Litho/Silkscreen 39" x 59"
- 5/ *Prostitution is about power not sex* 1996  
Litho/Silkscreen 40" x 59"
- 6/ *Bad Date* 1996  
Silkscreen 45" x 62"
- 7/ *Just Another Prostitute* 1996  
Litho/Silkscreen 38" x 58".
- 8/ *Fly Away* 1996  
Litho/Silkscreen 39" x 56"
- 9/ *Death Dance* 1996  
Litho/Silkscreen 40" x 60"
- 10/ *My Heart* 1996  
Litho/Silkscreen 39" x 60"
- 11/ *Working Women Working* 1994  
Litho/Silkscreen 40" x 60"
- 12/ *Sexual Harassment is not Your Fault* 1994  
Litho/Silkscreen 37" x 54"
- 13/ *The Power is in Our Hands* 1994  
Litho/Silkscreen 37" x 54"



## THOUGHTS ON THE GAME...

Cold, Unpredictable and **V**icious.  
Standing on the corner under the lights  
Looking like a tramp  
Feeling like a slut  
Wear the mask  
Night after night

Start to believe you are who you portray  
in your self inflicted hell  
This is what you know  
**and yes** you **know** it well  
You know nothing more than this way of life  
so you stay  
each night  
each day  
you fall deeper into the inevitable hopelessness  
writing it all off as looking for happiness

Looking for love  
Looking for happiness in a world where neither  
exist  
Your survival tools are latex and a bad date list  
False hopes  
    Broken promises  
        and  
            shattered dreams  
are the foundation of this so-called  
glamour.

Little girl...  
why do you return each night to try your hand in the game  
in which no one has ever won?

Six shot pistol  
one **bullet** in the chamber little girl.

The man pulls up -  
your heart is racing.  
You look him the eye  
What are you facing?  
Life or **Death?**  
So you stay or do you go?

Note the car  
Note his face  
Never forget his hands  
For his hands will let you go unharmed...  
or they will **control** you  
make you conform to his demands



Put on another **Mask**,

Smile

Stay calm

Remember you know what you're doing and you'll be done in a while  
hard fast cash

You've got it now in your hands

It's the reason you're in the game.

Its' fast cash yes

and it's *so* very hard

The stakes are high

The price you pay for the price is your  
life

Your hand innocently in your pocket

Resting on your only weapon

### **A SMALL KNIFE**

O.K. Little one...

Close your eyes quick now.

Try not to smell his cologne and sweat  
as he places his hands upon you.

Block your mind of what you're doing  
as you do what he wants you to.

I know every fibre in your body screams  
of hate and fear

Keep up the good work

Grin and bear his perverse obscenities -  
He may be back for you again next week dear

Sweet **Angel**...

The clock is ticking and

His time has almost run out.

He's used your body long enough  
for the dollar price you have put upon it

Remember!

Satisfaction or no money back!

Never break your street code of ethics

the dollar price goes up or

he takes you back to the danger of the track

Little girl will he  
turn on you???

Will he listen???

If he becomes **Violent**...

What will you do?



Precious one,  
lady **luck** is on your side  
tonight  
He pays up and once again  
has his way with you  
without a fight.

His attitude changes now  
you served your purpose to him  
and him to you  
He drops you off  
where he was so lucky to have found you.

You're alone once again  
on the  
    cold  
    unpredictable  
    **V**icious  
corner where you now feel  
suddenly so safe...

You played the game and won.  
**You pulled the trigger on Your life**  
and this time you drew an ace

Little girl  
you're a survivor who can't  
even look at her own face

But because you were so scared  
minutes earlier;  
you fool yourself into  
believing  
that you do care...

Amazing how you're already in possession  
of the liquid death that helps you forget  
you were even there...

Little girl...  
when will you put an end  
to this **madness**?  
Quit the game you so stubbornly play.  
Quit walking the fine line between  
reality and insanity  
Put your gun away

Don't quit a day too late little one  
reach for the stars and  
Turn your back on the bullshit  
while you're still **young**



Nothing is truly stopping you  
Only you.

I know the **pain** is intense  
and the memories are almost impossible to **bear**....  
but I promise you  
There is light at the end of the tunnel  
It's worth the **struggle**  
and I know because  
I was there

Hold your head high  
Don't let life's setbacks and **traps**  
get you down

For you know as well as I  
that any life is better  
than the one you're living  
**downtown.**

Holly Carmichael

IN MEMORY OF....

ELAINA "BUNNY" ROSS  
CHARMAINE PIDLESNY  
\$  
ANGELA ATTWOOD

- Dear friends who are sadly missed -

